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Sept-Oct No 5



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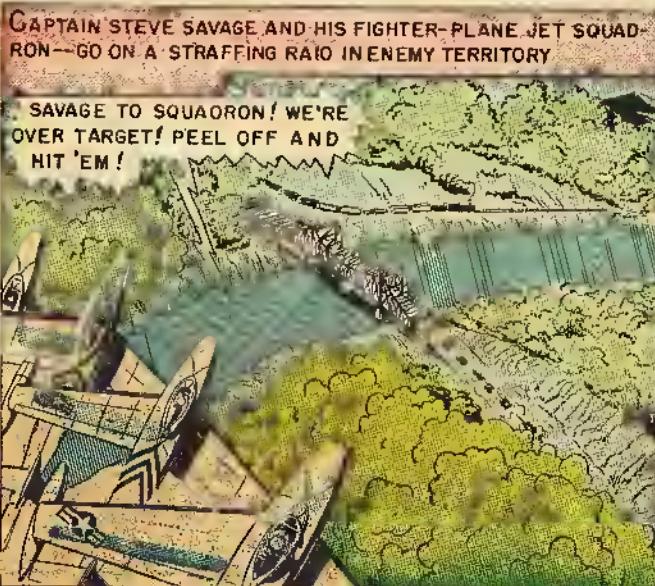
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CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE and his JET FIGHTERS

CHAPTER ONE

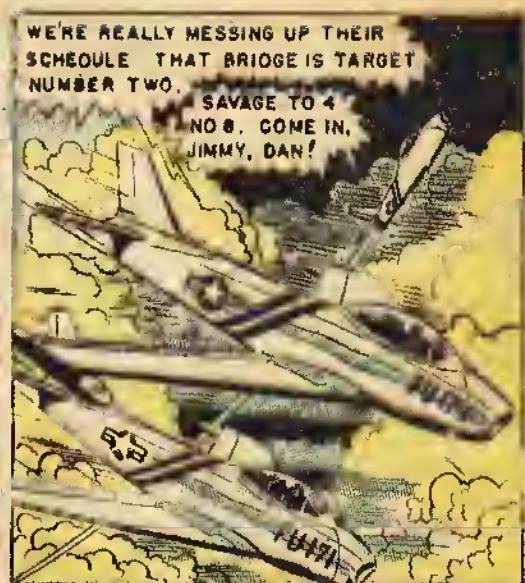
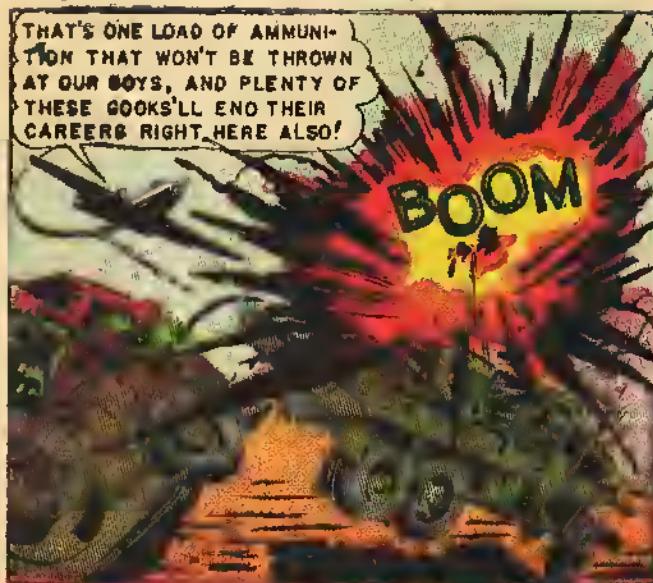
CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS JET-SQUADRON OF SUPERB FIGHTING PILOTS... MATCH THEIR COURAGE AND FABULOUS BATTLE SKILL AGAINST THE OVERPOWERING Hordes OF THE SAVAGE ENEMY.



SAVAGE TO SQUADRON! WE'RE OVER TARGET! PEEL OFF AND HIT 'EM!

WE CAUGHT 'EM FLAT-FOOTED THIS TIME--A WHOLE SLEW OF THE GOOKS. MUST BE AN OFFENSIVE COOKING UP. GUESS THAT'S WHY HEADQUARTERS WAS SO ANXIOUS. LOOK AT 'EM SCATTER!



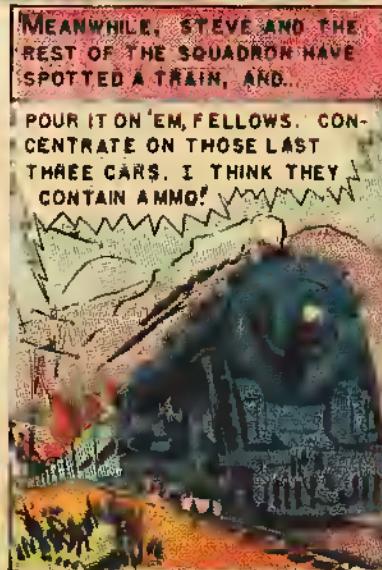


BLAST THE BRIDGE AND DUMP THAT ARMORED COLUMN IN THE DRINK! THOSE GOOKS COULD STAND A BATH. PLASTER 'EM GOOD!

I HEAR YOU TALKING! KAY, STEVE... EGGS COMING UP FOR ONE COLUMN OF GOOK ARMOR!

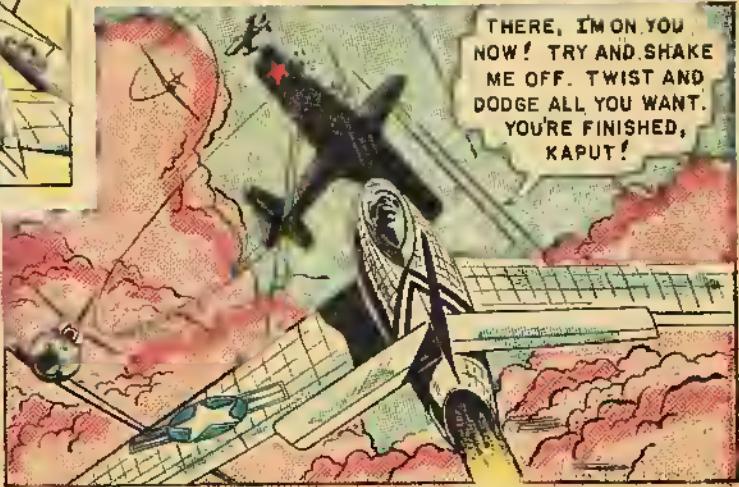
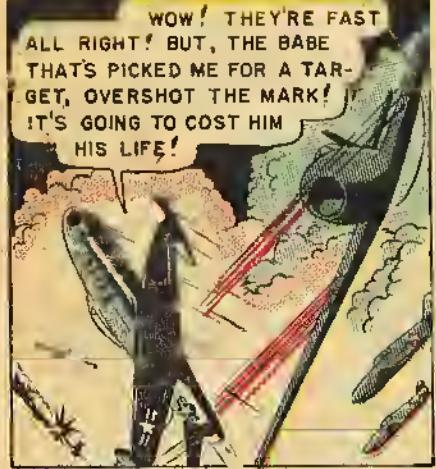


ROCKETS AWAY! YOU GOOKS BETTER KNOW HOW TO SWIM. YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE A BRIDGE UNDER YOUR FEET MUCH LONGER.





THE COMMIE YAKS COME OUT OF THE SKY IN SCREAMING POWER DIVES, THEIR GUNS HAMMERING VICIOUSLY!



GOING INTO A TIGHT TURN,
STEVE SENDS HIS PLANE IN A
SCREAMING DIVE ONTO THE
TAIL OF THE ENEMY JET....

SAVAGE TO JIMMT! HANG
ON, BOY, I'LL TAKE THIS
GOOK OF YOUR TAIL!

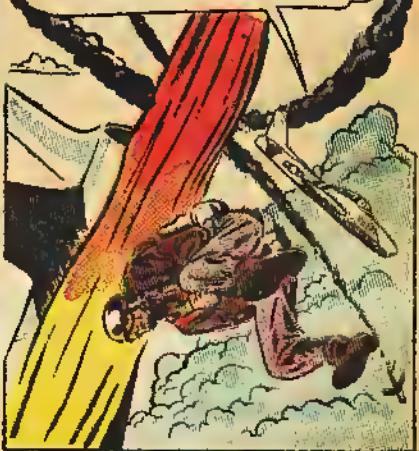


HE GOT ME
GOOD, STEVE,
I GOTTA BAIL
OUT! GET 'EM
FOR ME!

THAT PAYS YOU OFF
FOR JIMMY



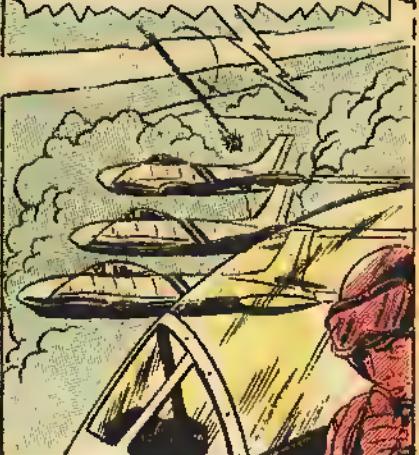
JIMMT'S BAILED OUT, BUT HE'LL
LAND IN ENEMY TERRITORY AND
THOSE GOOKS DON'T TAKE ANY
OF OUR AIRMEN PRISONER!



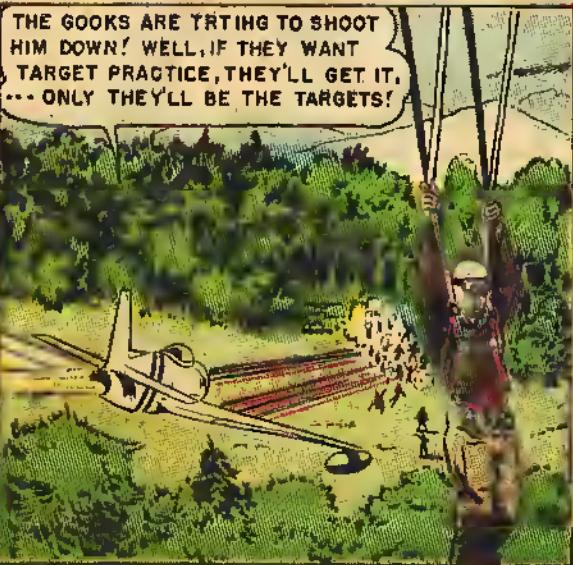
AS SOON AS JIMMT GETS IN RIFLE
RAHGE, THET'LL START USING
HIM FOR TARGET PRACTISE! I'LL
HAVE TO KEEP 'EM OFF, THEN
LAHD AHD TRT TO RESCUE HIM!



SAVAGE TO SQUADRON! I'M GOING
DOWN AFTER JIMMT! JUST WATCH
THE ROADS AND SHOOT UP AHT-
THING THAT LOOKS LIKE A GOOK!



THE GOOKS ARE TRYING TO SHOOT
HIM DOWN! WELL, IF THEY WANT
TARGET PRACTICE, THEY'LL GET IT.
... ONLY THEY'LL BE THE TARGETS!



THAT'LL KEEP 'EM BACK A
BIT! WHILE THEY'RE OFF
BALANCE, I'LL LAND AND
SCOOP JIMMY UP!



STEVE ROARS IN FOR A LANDING HIS BLAZING GUNS MAKING
THE WOODS--

I'VE GOT
TO GET JIMMY ABOARD, AND
TAKE OFF AGAIN-- BEFORE
THOSE GOOKS CAN GET
ORGANIZED!



HERE WE GO!



C'MON JIMMY -- HOP
IN AND MAKE IT
SNAPPY!

BEHIND YOU STEVE--
THEY'RE RUSHING YOU!



IT'S THE LAST RUSH
THEY'LL EVER MAKE!

THE WOODS, STEVE -- THEY'RE
ATTACKING FROM THE REAR!



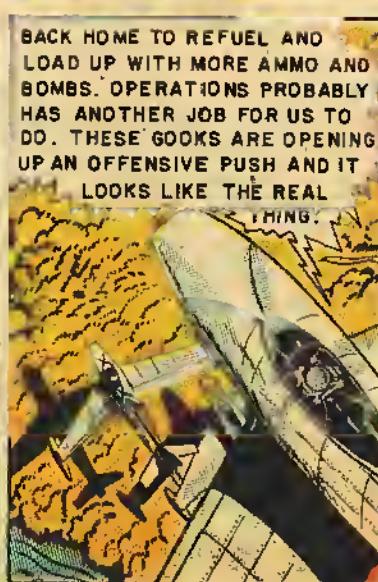
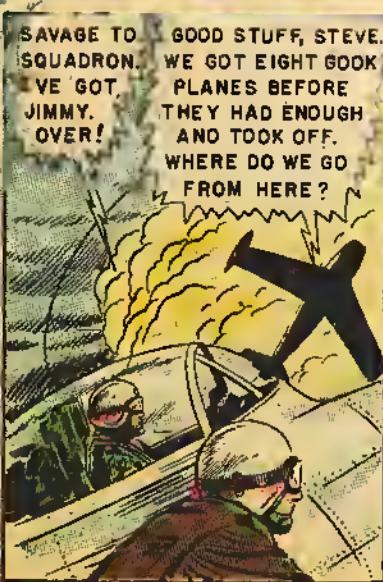
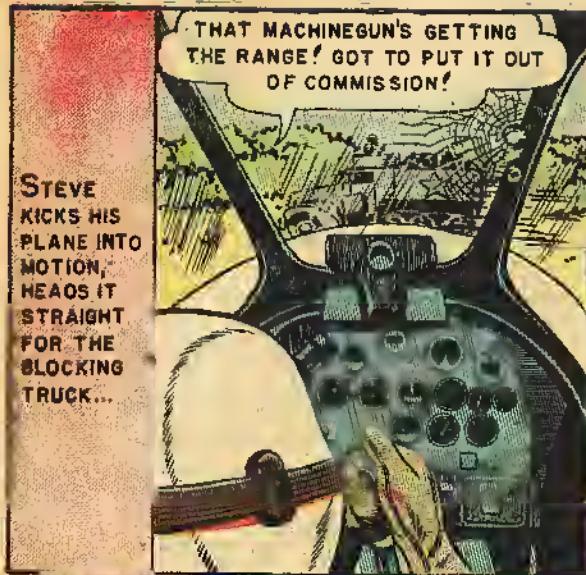
AGAIN, STEVE PIVOTS THE JET PLANE AGAIN,
HIS HAMMERING GUNS CLEAR THE WAY--

THEY'RE TRYING TO
BLOCK THE FIELD, STEVE!
THEY'RE DRIVING A TRUCK
OUT OF THE WOODS!

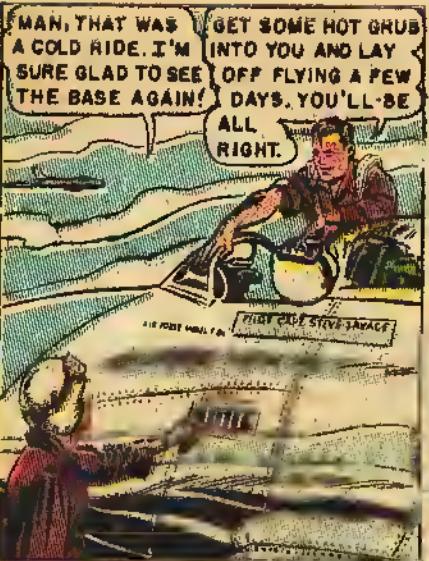


THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP
US FROM TAKING OFF--! THEY'LL HAVE TO DO
BETTER THAN THAT--
HANG ON, JIMMY!





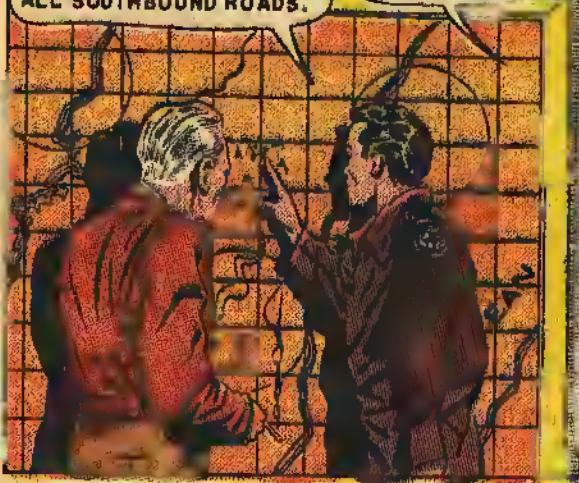
SOMETIMES
LATER,
STEVE'S
SQUADRON
LANDS AT
ITS AIR-
BASE



STEVE REPORTS TO COMMANDER EVANS--

THAT'S THE STORY, SIR.
HEAVY GOOK TRAFFIC ON
ALL SOUTHBOUND ROADS.

COMMANDER
EVANS, SIR!



COMPANY A IS HOLDING THE CHOGUIN VALLEY.
WE'LL SEND TRANSPORT PLANES IN TO FLY THEM OUT CAPTAIN SAVAGE!!

YES, SIR?



THE TRANSPORTS WILL NEED FIGHTER PROTECTION! AND THAT AREA'S SWARMING WITH GOOK JET-PLANES! ARE YOUR BOYS READY FOR ANOTHER FIGHT? I WANT YOU TO ESCORT THE TRANSPORTS!

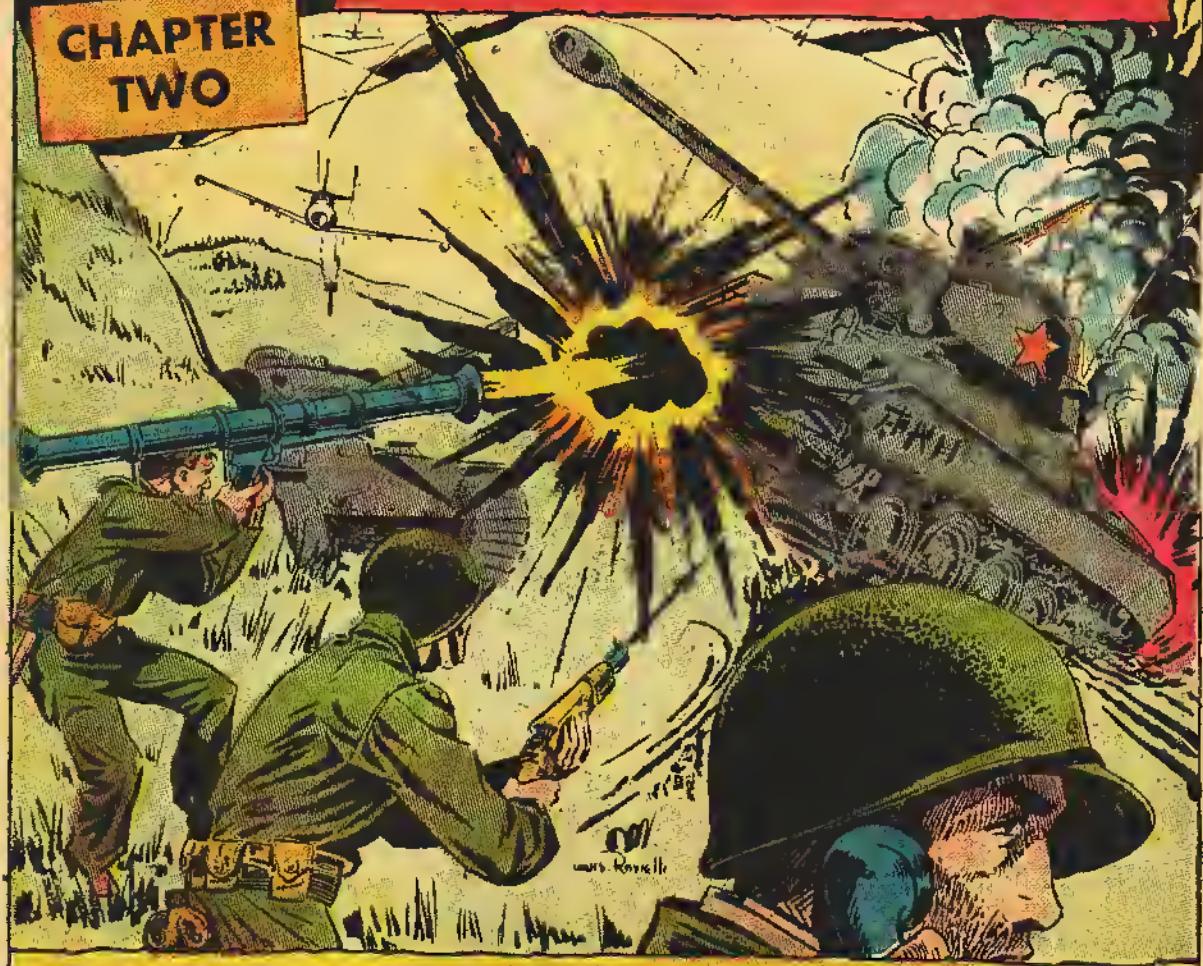
MY BOYS
ARE ALWAYS
READY FOR
A FIGHT,
SIR! AS SOON
AS WE REFUEL,
WE'LL TAKE
OFF!



FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS FIGHTING SQUADRON IN CHAPTER TWO . . .

the CHOGUIN MASSACRE!

CHAPTER
TWO



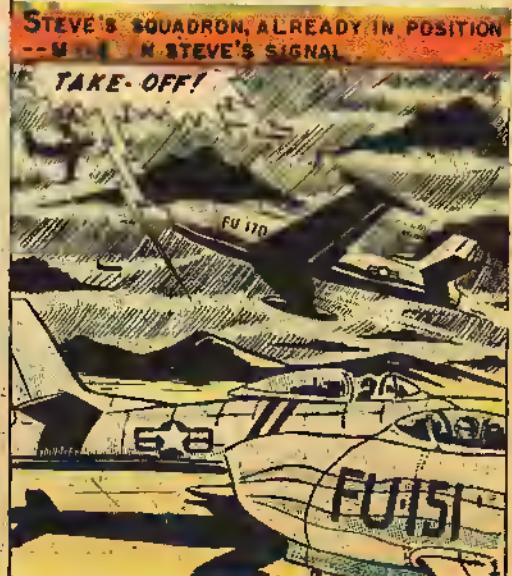
OUTNUMBERED TWENTY-TO-ONE BY FANATIC GOOK FIGHTERS, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND THE CUT-OFF COMPANY "A" INFANTRY, BATTLE COURAGEOUSLY IN THE FACE OF ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH, IN... CHOGUIN MASSACRE !

SOME MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THE WING COMMANDER, STEVE ROUNDS UP HIS PILOTS AND HEADS FOR THE FIGHTER PLANES.

ALERT THE BOYS, DAH.
WE'LL FOLLOW THE LAST
TRANSPORT!



STEVE'S SQUADRON, ALREADY IN POSITION
---M----- STEVE'S SIGNAL
---TAKE-OFF!





STEVE'S BOYS MAKE RUN AFTER RUN, RAISING HAVOC AMONGST THE GOOK INFANTRY AND ARMOR UNITS...

WHEN ARE THESE TRANSPORTS MOVING? I'M ALMOST OUT OF AMMO!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HAVIN' TROUBLE! HOW'RE THE OTHERS DOING?



WE'RE ALL SHORT OF AMMO, AND RUN-RETURN TO THE BASE AND STOCK UP! I'LL STAY AND COVER THE TRANSPORTS 'TIL YOU GET BACK.



SUPPOSE GOOK FIGHTERS JUMP YOU?

THAT'S THE CHANCE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE!



SOME MINUTES AFTER HIS COMPANIONS PULL OUT, STEVE IS CRUISING ABOVE THE PLATEAU, WHEN—

ENEMY FIGHTERS! THEY'RE DIVING ON ME OUT OF THE SUN.



THERE'S FIVE OF 'EM, AND ME WITH ONLY A HUNDRED ROUNDS OF AMMO!

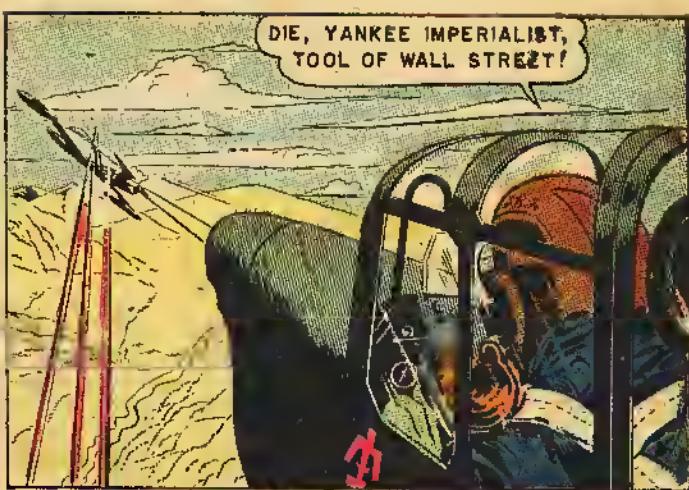
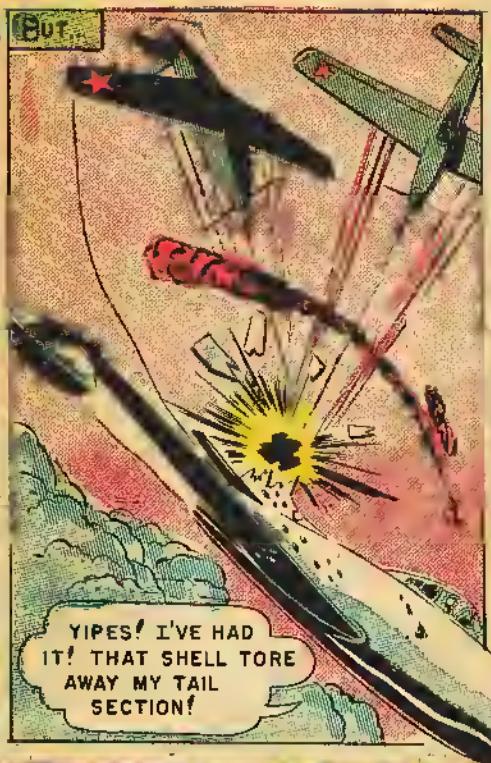


MAYBE THEY DID GATCH ME FLATFOOTED, BUT I'VE STILL GOT THOSE HUNDRED ROUNDS!



GOT 'IM! BUT, GOOD!





FIGHTING THE SICKENING PLUNGE OF HIS CRIPPLED PLANE, STEVE MANAGES TO LEVEL THE PLANE OFF JUST SHORT OF A STONY RIDGE, BUT...

IT LOOKS LIKE I'M DONE FOR! THAT MOUNTAIN SLOPE'S COMIN' UP FAST, AND I'M GOING TO...



STEVE IS TAKEN TO THE COMPANY COMMANDER, CAPTAIN DOGAN, AND AFTER CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS NARROW ESCAPE...

SORRY YOUR TRANSPORTS LA GOK COULDN'T GET OFF THE GROUND BEFORE MY BOYS HAD TO DUCK FOR HOME, CAPTAIN. WHAT'S BEEN HOLDING YOU UP?

WE'RE IN A BAO WAY HERE. I FIGURED ON TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH ON FOOT, BUT WE'VE GOT TOO MANY WOUNDED. ALL WE CAN DO IS FIGHT, AND HOPE WE CAN GET THOSE TRANSPORTS OFF THE GROUND!

WHEN MY BOYS RETURN, I'LL HAVE 'EM DRIVE THOSE GOOKS OFF THE AIRSTRIP!

WE CAN USE ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, STEVE SURVEYS THE COMPANY'S POSITION-- FROM A DUG-IN MACHINE GUN NEST-- FACING THE ENEMY.

THERE'S GOOK PATROLS ALL AROUND US, SIR! THEY CAN AFFORD TO LOSE TWENTY MEN TO OUR ONE! UNLESS WE CAN RETAKE THE AIRSTRIP, I DON'T SEE MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING OUT!



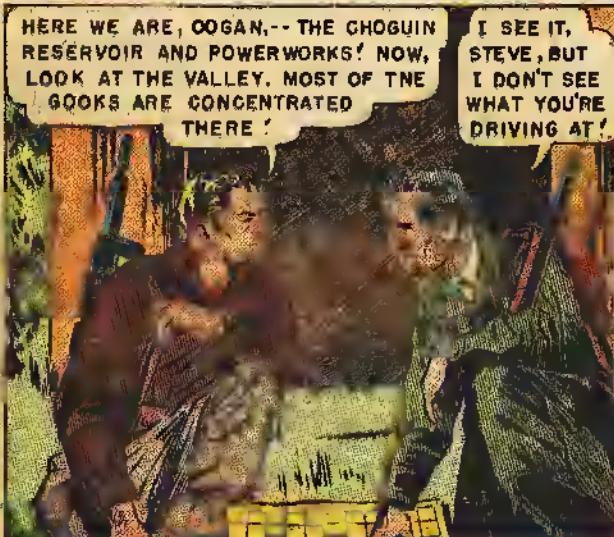
IF SOMETHING WOULD DRAW OFF THEIR RESERVES-- WE COULD HANDLE THE SITUATION!

YOU KNOW, SERGEANT-- YOU'VE JUST GIVEN A GOOD IDEA! I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH CAPTAIN DOGAN!

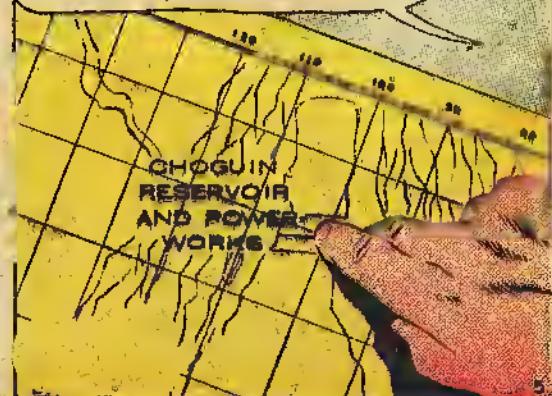


HERE WE ARE, DOGAN-- THE CHOGUIN RESERVOIR AND POWERWORKS! NOW, LOOK AT THE VALLEY. MOST OF THE GOOKS ARE CONCENTRATED THERE!

I SEE IT, STEVE, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT!



I'D LIKE TO TAKE A PATROL AND TRY BLOWING THE DAM, IF WE SUCCEED, THOSE GOOKS'LL BE DROWNED LIKE RATS! THE PRESSURE UP HERE'LL BE REMOVED AND WE CAN RETAKE THE AIR-STRIP!





MOVING CAUTIOUSLY, STEVE'S PATROL MAKES STEADY PROGRESS, AND BY MIDNIGHT...



THERE SHE IS, BOYS! WE'VE MADE IT!

THERE'S A GOOK SENTRY OUT THERE, CAPTAIN! SHOULD I TAKE 'IM? THERE WON'T BE ANY NOISE!

GO TO IT, SERGEANT!

PSSST... GOOK!

WHA...?



SPLAT! I GOT 'IM GOOD!



OBSERVE THE SPLASH! AND OBSERVE ALSO THAT CORPORAL KUIKI IS GONE FROM HIS SENTRY POST!



SOUND ALARM! IS YANKEE'S!



GET THOSE GOOKS AND SHUT THEIR MOUTHS FAST!



IS YANKEE IMPERIALIST SWINE! KILL!

CAPTAIN! REINFORCEMENTS COMING UP FROM THE REAR!

THEY'RE SWARMING OUT LIKE LICE! WE'RE SURROUNDED, SIR...

WE'RE TRAPPED ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT LICKED, SERGEANT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!

WHAT IS THAT THING, THAT THOUSAND TO ONE CHANCE? READ CHAPTER THREE FOR THE AMAZING ANSWER!

CHAPTER THREE

the DEATH GAMBLE!

TAKE AIM!
FIRE---
GHHHH!

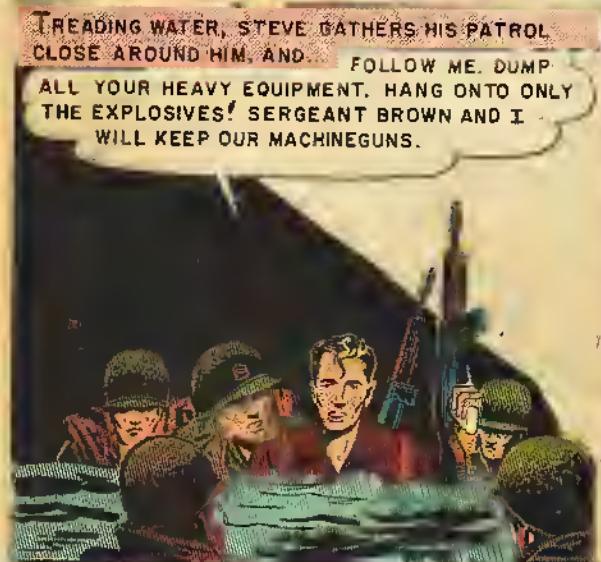
THERE IS ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND FOR CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS SMALL PATROL OF DESPERATE FIGHTING MEN, TO SNATCH VICTORY FROM ALMOST CERTAIN DEFEAT! ON THE BLOOD-SOAKED BATTLEFIELD OF CHOQUIN VALLEY LIES THE ANSWER TO... THE DEATH GAMBLE!

TRAP THEM BY SURPRISE BY
ATTACKING THEM WHILE THEY ARE IN
ONE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL
FOR OUR NUMBERED PATROL

INTO THE LAKE!
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
GO TO IT, MEN...
JUMP!

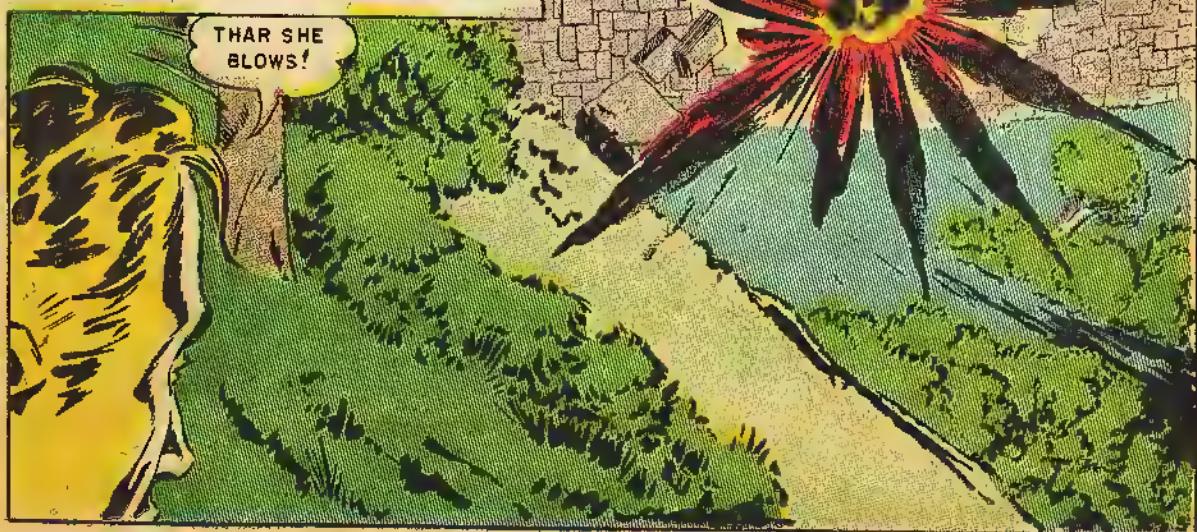
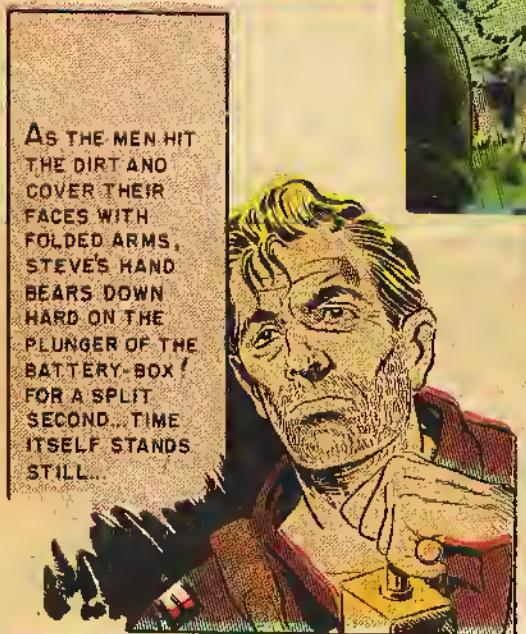
THEY'RE LIGHTING US UP! WE'RE LIKE SITTING DUCKS!

THAT'S GOOD, SERGEANT!
NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE
THE LIGHTS ARE LOCATED,
I'LL BLACK 'EM OUT
FOR GOOD!









HEN, WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE DAM COLLAPSES
AND LETS THE WATER THROUGH--

THAT WHITE WALL
OF DEATH'LL SWEEP
EVERYTHING
BEFORE IT!



CAPTAIN DOGAN, SIR -- LOOK!
CAPTAIN SAVAGE AND HIS
PATROL BLEW THE DAM!

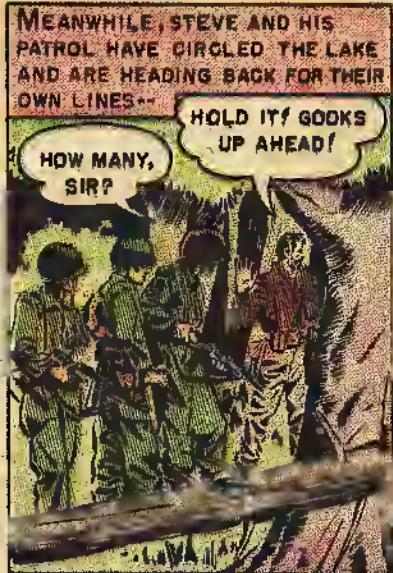
THEN WE'LL HIT THE
GOOKS BEFORE THEY
RECOVER FROM THE
SHOCK!



MEANWHILE, STEVE AND HIS PATROL HAVE CIRCLED THE LAKE AND ARE HEADING BACK FOR THEIR OWN LINES--

**HOW MANY,
SIR?**

**HOLD IT'S GOOKS
UP AHEAD!**



THAT'S JET-PLANES--
OURS! MY BOYS ARE
BACK! OKAY, GRENADES
READY! LET'S
HIT THAT
DETACH-
MENTS!



GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!
HIT 'EM--HARD, AND GO RIGHT
THROUGH 'EM!



THE PATROL'S SUDDEN ATTACK THROWS THE GOOK DETACHMENT INTO MOMENTARY PANIC, AND...

SWINE! WILL YOU GOOD TRY, LET FIVE YANKEE PIGS PANIC YOU BROTHA, BUT YOU'RE FIGHTING LIKE FIELD-MICE? ON THE WRONG SIDE!

NOW WE DOING, CAPTAIN?

FINE, SARGE! C'MON, MEN, KEEP GOING! WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT! LET'S GO!

FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DETACHMENT, STEVE'S PATROL ARRIVES AT THE AIRSTRIP, AND...

HEY, DON'T SNOOT, THAT'S OUR BOYS! WE MADE IT, CAPTAIN!



LATER...

CAPTAIN, YOUR BOYS UP THERE WIPE OUT THE ENEMY MACHINEGUN NESTS ON THE AIRSTRIP WITH NAPALM BOMBS. MY BOYS DID THE REST!



WE'RE ALL LOADED, CAPTAIN DOGAN!

THIS IS IT, STEVE! THANKS TO YOU, WE'RE GETTING OUT IN ONE PIECE!



I'M GLAD TO HAVE TAKEN SOME SMALL PART IN THE ACTION, DOGAN. THESE KIDS DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD QUIT! IT MAKES YOU PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN!



DANGER NO. 5!

"I'm so mad I could go out and buy myself a new dress right now!" Pat Holm's pretty face was flushed, her hat askew, her nose smudged. In short, she looked like a woman who had just returned from an unsuccessful shopping trip!

Simon Templar . . . his friends called him the Saint, his enemies privately kept their mouths shut most of the time . . . looked up from the newspaper he'd been reading.

"Don't tell me — you came off second best in the rush for the bargain counter again," he laughed. "Calm down, Kitten . . . a nice, long rest and you'll be almost as good as new. . . ."

"I went to Pierre's Beauty Salon first, of course," Pat ignored the interruption, "then I tried Stacy's, Fleming's, Nimbels . . . all the stores in town! Not one of them had it . . . it seems to have disappeared from town . . . from the face of the earth!"

The Saint held up a restraining hand. "I find this all very interesting," he commented quizzically. "But — by my sainted grandmother — what ARE you talking about?"

"Why — perfume . . . of course!" Pat sniffed. "My favorite perfume . . . Danger #5! I'm all out and no one in town seems to have any . . . Stacy's, Nimbels . . . even Pierre's . . ." Again, the Saint held up his hand, like a traffic cop. "Whoa . . . slow down! All this . . . this miniature war is over a couple of ounces of PER-FUME?" He leaned back in his chair in helpless laughter. In another moment, Pat laughed too! The crisis was over!

Next morning, though, the Saint was up and out early. His destination? The downtown warehouse that housed the offices of Danger #5 Perfumeries, Inc. His objective? A bottle of perfume for Pat Holm. The Saint was like that.

The only occupant of the office was a pudgy, white-faced little man who looked as though he'd been born with a worried look on his face. At Simon's polite inquiry about purchasing a small supply of Danger #5, at a reasonable price, the little man exploded!

"Go away," he moaned, head in his hands. "Leave me to my misery . . . don't torment me!" Suddenly . . . he leaped — grasped the Saint hotly by the lapels! His glaring eyes looked up into Simon's face, the top of his bald head

barely reached the Saint's grinning lips. "Who are YOU?" he demanded. "WHO sent you? Did THEY tell you to come here and sneer at me? They can't drive ME out of business! They'll never get away with this . . . NEVER!"

Gently, the Saint disentangled himself. "And who, may I ask," his voice was low, "are THEY?"

"They?" The little fellow was like a firecracker. "That confounded ALLURE COMPANY . . . that scoundrel STRYKER . . . I can't prove it . . . but I know he's behind this! This racket . . . these crimes against my legitimate business!"

Bit by bit, the Saint pieced together an amazing story. Not a delivery truck with Danger #5 had arrived in town during the past week! Every night, on the roads leading into town, the same scene was repeated. Gangs of hoodlums, materializing somewhere along the road, would attack, halt, seize the truck carrying Danger #5. They overpowered the driver, pounded him senseless; anyone offering resistance. Sometimes, the truck was driven over a nearby embankment . . . "accidentally," of course. Sometimes, they were merely overturned at the side of the road. Always, the cargo of precious perfume was cracked wide open, destroyed, splashed over the muddy road. The police were helpless to patrol the length and breadth of every road!

"My delivery trucks!" the little man shouted. "They're being hijacked every night! No matter what I do, I can't get one . . . even one . . . through to town! I know the Allure Company, that unprincipled snake — Stryker, is behind all this! It's the only way he can sell his inferior product — Allure! No matter what road my trucks take into town, they run into Stryker's gorillas. He SEEKS his swill . . . my BEAUTIFUL-SMELLING PERFUME ends up covering some country road!"

The Saint suppressed a smile at the vision of the sweet-smelling highways leading into town.

"My friend," the Saint gripped the little man lightly by the elbows, "would you be interested in a little . . . er . . . assistance?" The little man glared. "This is no joke, I assure you . . . Mr. . . . Mr. . . . John . . ." The Saint hesitated, encouragingly.

Mr. Justin was the little man's name, "Justin, old man," said the Saint, "happier days are just around the corner for Danger #5! Take my advice . . . route your shipment over the New Road . . . tonight!"

"The New Road!" protested Mr. Justin, "that's Stryker's route . . . he uses it every night! How about the Eastern Highway?"

"No, my friend, make it the New Road . . . it's absolutely essential!" Simon Templar was already on his way out. A chuckle floated back over his shoulder. For a moment Mr. Justin was still. Then he came to life.

"Say!" he shouted after the departing figure. "What's YOUR name? WHO ARE YOU?" Then he noticed the card his visitor had left on the desk. It read: SIMON TEMPLAR. And in one corner there was a little pipe-stem drawing of . . . a SAINT!

The Saint didn't waste much time. He arranged for Hoppy to ride guine, that night, on Mr. Justin's truck. Almost casually, he inveigled Pat into a ride in the country. "We'll be as carefree as a couple of doves on the wing!" he urged, but without allaying Miss Pat Holm's suspicions. She knew the Saint . . . and she knew when something was cooking!

For awhile, driving along the New Road, it DID look as though the Saint hadn't a care in the world. Pat was beginning to enjoy herself. But that was before they met the Allure Company truck highballing it down the road . . . before the Saint swung the little car across the road directly into the path of the onrushing truck! Pat Holm closed her eyes for a second . . . prayed . . . hard. All she could hear was the hiss of the truck's brakes, the squeal of protesting tires. When she looked up, the truck had stopped a foot away, and Simon was out of the car! She was in time to see him lean to

the cab of the truck. A single, massive blow across the back of the neck and the driver was out . . . cold as a mackerel. The guard didn't even have a chance to get his gun in his hand before he was dragged out. A swift, downward chop across the throat, a sizzling uppercut to the jaw . . . the guard joined the driver in a deep sleep! The Saint tossed his captives unconcernedly into the rear of the truck, locked them in. "Let them enjoy the perfume back there," he said, "for a while!"

The Saint took the wheel of the truck himself. Pat followed, under orders, in the car. A quick cut cross-country . . . and the little caravan approached the city . . . via the Eastern Highway!

The trip on the Eastern Highway was short and sweet. In a few minutes, another, smaller truck pulled out of a side road behind a clump of trees. Simon knew they were going to block the road. He slowed his truck to a stop, got out of the cab with his hands up. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . ." the burly leader of the gang counted methodically as he crashed three driving blows into his captive's face, three kicks into his ribs as he went down. Leaving the driver "out" at the side of the road, the gang went to work on the truck.

First, they pushed it off the road. With one set of wheels on the soft shoulder, it was an easy task to roll the vehicle over on its side. Methodically, with axes, pick-axes and sledge-hammers, the wrecking crew chopped the van to bits. It wasn't until they had pulled out and sent crashing to the ground most of the shipment of perfume that they found the two frightened, beaten figures within. When they looked around for the "driver" of the truck, he was gone. Just a little the worse for wear, he was driving back to town in the little car, with a curious Pat Holm. On his face, he wore a Saintly smile.

Next day, acting upon the Saint's suggestion, Pat paid another visit to Pierre's Beauty Saloon and returned . . . wonder of wonders . . . with an armload of Danger #5! Pierre, she reported, had informed her that a large shipment of Allure perfume had been completely wrecked the previous night . . . attacked by a gang of goons . . . hijacked! Rumor had it the Allure Company was close to bankruptcy! And Danger #5, it seemed, was back to stay!

"Did YOU have anything to do with this?" Pat asked, suspiciously.

"Absolutely not!" The Saint's denial was righteous, vehement.

But Pat Holm knew better!



The Plunderer!



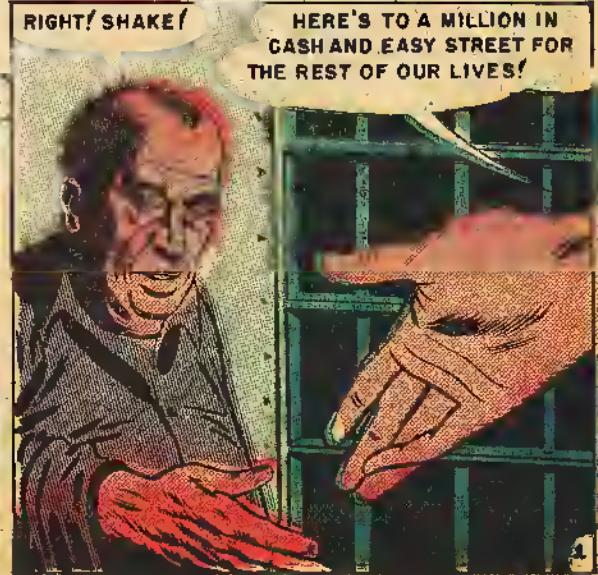
GERALD CHAPMAN HAS BEEN TERMED AMERICA'S CLEVEREST CROOK! HE BEGAN HIS CAREER IN 1907, BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL 1921, WHILE SERVING A TERM IN NEW YORK'S SING-SING PRISON--THAT HIS GENIUS BEGAN TO SHOW! THE DAY BEFORE HE WAS RELEASED, CHAPMAN AND HIS CELL-MATE, THE INFAMOUS CONFIDENCE MAN, DUTCH ANDERSON --

OKAY, LET'S GO OVER IT AGAIN! WHEN YOU'RE SPRUNG TOMORROW, YOU AND BESS'LL REGISTER AT THE BROADWAY HOUSE AS MISTER AND MRS. WADE W. MILLER!

AND YOU'LL JOIN US THERE WHEN YOU'RE RELEASED AT THE END OF THE MONTH. THE DETAILS OF THE HEIST'LL BE WORKED OUT!

RIGHT! SHAKE!

HERE'S TO A MILLION IN CASH AND EASY STREET FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!



TWO DAYS LATER, CHAPMAN, HIS WIFE, DEB, AND CHARLIE LOEDER, CHAPMAN'S BETRAYAL DRIVER, PARKED ON WALL STREET IN DOWNTOWN NEW YORK CITY.

HERE'S THE MAIL TRUCK, CHAPMAN!

TAIL IT, CHARLIE! IT PICKS UP ALL THE REGISTERED MAIL IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT, AND WE'VE ONLY GOT THE DRIVER TO DEAL WITH!



IT'S STOPPING IN FRONT OF THAT BUILDING!

YEAH, IT MADE ITS LAST PICK-UP HERE! THIS IS WHERE WE'RE SONG TO TAKE IT! TURN INTO LEONARD STREET!

THEN WHAT? AFTER THE HEIST, WE'LL CROSS OVER TO LONG ISLAND. THERE'S AN OLD BARN I PICKED OUT, WHERE WE'LL SORT THE MAIL!

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PULL THE JOB?

WELL, DUTCH'LL BE COMING OUT TOMORROW, THE 21ST OF OCTOBER. WE'LL PULL THE JOB ON THE 24TH.



THE JOB LOOKS YES, TO EVEN SETTER A SHORT THEN IT OIO HEIST IN THE PEN AND A LET'S HAVE PROFIT- A DRINK ON ABLE ITS SUCCESS! ONE!

I'LL DRINK TO THAT, BUT THERE'S STILL A LOT OF THINGS TO DO BEFORE THE 24TH.

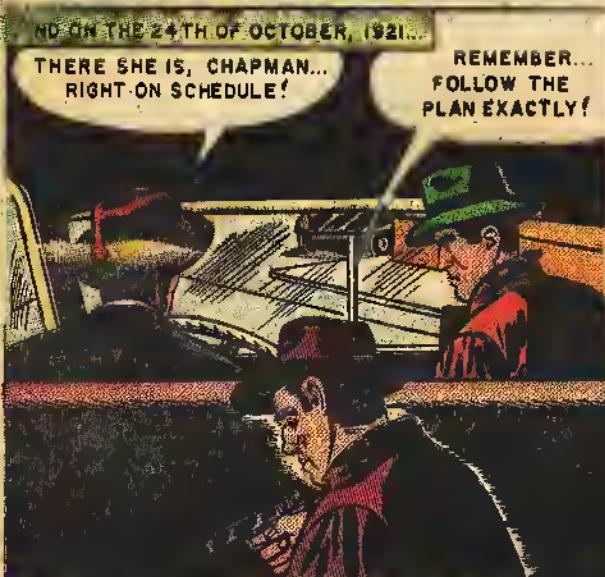
ON THE 21ST OF OCTOBER, DUTCH ANDERSON WAS RELEASED FROM SING SING AND CONTACTED CHAPMAN AT THE BROADWAY HOUSE! LET'S GO OVER IT ONCE MORE. WE PICK UP THE MAIL TRUCK ON BROADWAY AND TAIL IT TO LEONARD. CHARLIE PARKS THE CAR ALONGSIDE, THEN YOU TRANSFER THE SACKS. I TAKE CARE OF THE DRIVER!



ND ON THE 24TH OF OCTOBER, 1921.

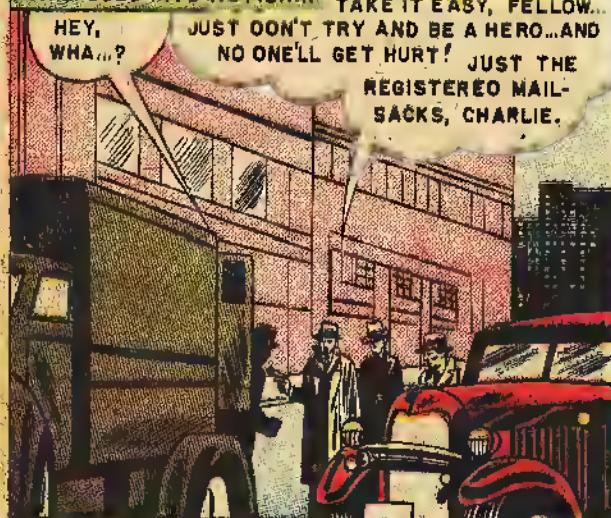
THERE SHE IS, CHAPMAN...
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

REMEMBER...
FOLLOW THE
PLAN EXACTLY!



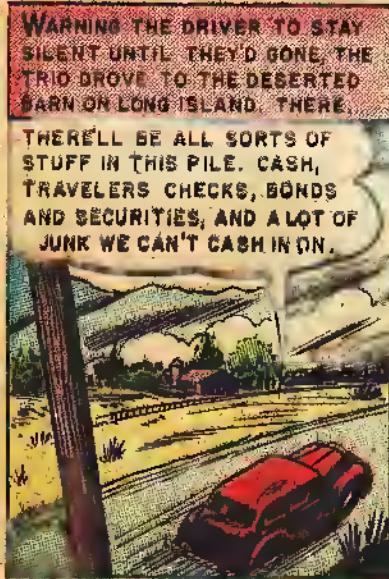
CHARLIE PULLS ALONGSIDE THE MAIL TRUCK. THE TRIO GOES INTO ACTION... TAKE IT EASY, FELLOW...

HEY, WHA...? JUST DON'T TRY AND BE A HERO...AND NO ONE'LL GET HURT! JUST THE REGISTERED MAIL-SACKS, CHARLIE.



WARNING THE DRIVER TO STAY SILENT UNTIL THEY'D GONE, THE TRIO DROVE TO THE DESERTED BARN ON LONG ISLAND. THERE,

THERE'LL BE ALL SORTS OF STUFF IN THIS PILE. CASH, TRAVELERS CHECKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, AND A LOT OF JUNK WE CAN'T CASH IN ON.



WE'LL MAKE THREE SEPARATE PILES OF THE OTHER STUFF. CASH ON ONE PILE, TRAVELERS CHECKS ON ANOTHER, AND ALL THE NEGOTIABLE BONDS AND SECURITIES ON A THIRD.



OKAY, LET'S GET ME EITHER STARTED. I'M MAN O' MAN, CAN'T WAIT I'LL HAVE EVERY TO SEE HOW LUXURY I WE MADE OUT! EVER DREAMED OF.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
WE SCORED BIG, CHAPMAN
-- BIGGER THAN YOU
EVER DREAMED!

YEAH! WE'VE GOT
THREE-HUNDRED AND
SEVENTY-SIX THOUSAND,
FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY
DOLLARS IN CASH!

WE ALSO MADE EIGHTY-FIVE THOUSAND
TRAVELERS CHECKS, NINE-HUNDRED AND SIXTY
THOUSAND IN NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES. IT MAKES
A GRAND TOTAL OF TWO
MILLION, SIX-HUNDRED
FORTY-THREE THOUSAND, SEVEN-HUNDRED
AND TWENTY
DOLLARS!

WOW! WE'VE MADE
CRIMINAL HISTORY!

THE COPS'LL GO MAD!
THEY'LL NEVER GIVE UP!

CHARLIE'S RIGHT.
YOU NEVER DID TELL
US HOW WE WERE
GOING TO COVER
UP!

WHERE D'YOU FIGURE
THE COPS'LL LOOK FOR
US FIRST?

THEY'LL WATCH ALL EXITS
LEADING OUT OF THE CITY.
THEY'LL HAVE EVERY POLICE
FORCE IN THE COUNTRY WORK-
ING ON THE CASE!

EXACTLY! AND THEY WON'T
FIND US, BECAUSE WE'LL BE
LIVING RIGHT UNDER THEIR
NOSES--IN A HOUSE ON GRAM-
MERCY PARK--IN NEW YORK'S
SWANKIEST SECTION!

THAT'S SMOOTH. I RENTED THE
HOUSE MORE
THAN A MONTH AGO.
BESS IS THERE NOW, WAITING.
I'VE GOT OUR ALIAS ALL
PICKED OUT. BESS AND I WILL
GO UNDER THE NAME OF COL-
WELL, YOU'LL BE GEORGE
WEAVER AND CHARLIE,
ROBERT BRYCE.

MEANWHILE, THE DRIVER OF THE MAIL TRUCK HAS
ALREADY IDENTIFIED THE THREE BANDITS FROM
ROGUE'S GALLERY PHOTOS / CHAPMAN, ANDERSON,
LOEDER!

LOEDER! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE
FIRST MOMENT! IT WOULD TAKE A TRIO OF RATS
LIKE THAT TO ATTEMPT A JOB OF THIS SIZE!



WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM! I WANT EVERY
MAN THE FORCE CAN SPARE! I DON'T
CARE HOW YOU DO IT! JUST...
GET THEM...!



WITHIN A SHORT TIME, THE MACHINERY OF THE
NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT SWINGS
INTO ACTION! RAILROAD TERMINALS AND TRAINS
ARE SEARCHED---

FOLKS, THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT
DELAY WHILE THESE GENTLEMEN
SEARCH THE CARS ...



ALL HIGHWAYS LEADING INTO NEW JERSEY ARE
BLOCKED, AND ALL TRAFFIC IS SUBJECT TO
AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH--



ALL STEAMSHIPS THAT HAD
SAILED AFTER THE ROBBERY
ARE CONTACTED --

TO: S.S. ROYAL OAK ON HIGH
SEAS; CHECK PASSENGERS
AND CREW FOR THE FOLLOW-
ING THREE MEN...



BUT WEEKS AFTER THE ROBBERY,
THE COMMISSIONER WAS STILL
ONLY ABLE TO REPORT --

WE DON'T HAVE THEM YET,
GENTLEMEN! THEY SEEM TO
HAVE VANISHED COMPLETELY!

WOULD YOU SAY THEY
MADE A CLEAN GET-
AWAY?



I SHOULD SAY NOT! MAKE
NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT --
CHAPMAN AND HIS GANG
ARE MARKED MEN!



MEANWHILE, IN A HOUSE ON GRAMMERCY PARK, A GROUP OF NEW YORK BLUE BLOODS ARE BIDDING THEIR CHARMING HOST AND HOSTESS A GOOD EVENING.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. COLWELL, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE ENJOYED SUCH A CHARMING EVENING!

I'M SO GLAD YOU MOVED TO NEW YORK. YOU THROW WONDERFUL PARTIES!

GOOD NIGHT, MRS. VAN DEERE, WE'LL COME SEE YOU AT THE RACES ON WEDNESDAY.

GOODNIGHT, AGAIN... ALL OF YOU!

IMAGINE THEIR HORROR IF THEY KNEW I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A GENIUS, CHAP. WHO WE ARE? MAN, BUT I NEVER DREAMED YOU COULD CHISEL YOUR WAY INTO NEW YORK SOCIETY!



IT CERTAINLY GAVE US A FOOLPROOF COVER. THE COPS WILL NEVER FIND US HERE IN A MILLION YEARS!



BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE QUITE THAT LONG! PATIENT DETECTIVE WORK FINALLY UNCOVERED THE BANDIT HIDEOUT. AND NINE MONTHS AFTER THE ROBBERY, ON JULY 3, 1922,

I WAIT'LL THAT'S CHAPMAN! THE DOOR IS OPENED NOW, DAN! T'D HIM, THEN IF HE TURNS TO RUN, WE'LL BE THERE TO BLOCK HIM OFF!



COPS! DUTCH! BESS! WHAT?

WE'VE GOT YOU COLD, CHAPMAN! MAKE A FUNNY MOVE, AND YOU DIE! AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT... LOOK BEHIND YOU.



CHARLIE LOEDER ESCAPED THE NET, AND BESS WAS FREED, BUT CHAPMAN AND DUTCH ANDERSON EACH RECEIVED A SENTENCE OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE FEDERAL PRISON AT ATLANTA, GA. ENROUTE.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS! WE'LL BE OLD AND BROKEN MEN WHEN WE'RE RELEASED. I CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT! WE'RE THROUGH!

CHAPMAN'S NEVER THROUGH! I'LL MAKE A BREAK BEFORE I'VE SERVED A YEAR...

I HEARD THAT, CHAPMAN, BETTER MEN THAN YOU HAVE TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM ATLANTA! THEY ALL ENDED UP BACK BEHIND THE BARS -- OR ON A SLAB IN THE MORGUE!



THREE MONTHS LATER, AFTER FAKING HIS WAY INTO THE PRISON HOSPITAL, CHAPMAN SAWED A BAR OF HIS SICK-CELL WINDOW, AND ESCAPED.

I SAID NO PRISON WOULD EVER HOLD ME AND I MADE IT GOOD!



I'VE GOT TO PUT A LOT OF GROUND BETWEEN ME AND ATLANTA BEFORE MORNING!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN A SMALL TOWN FIFTY MILES FROM ATLANTA, CHAPMAN WAS SPOTTED BY ONE OF THE NUMEROUS POSSE'S SCOURING THE COUNTRY-SIDE...

ALL RIGHT,
HEY, THAT'S CHAPMAN--
HIM!
NOBODY
TAKES
GERALD
CHAPMAN
AGAIN!



YOU GOT HIM!



I... TOLO... YOU... YOU'D NEVER GET ME... ALIVE!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE, CHAPMAN--
WE'LL SEE TO THAT! WE'LL TAKE HIM
TO THE ATHENS HOSPITAL...



CHAPMAN WAS SO BADLY WOUNDED THAT HE WAS NOT GUARDED AT THE ATHENS HOSPITAL. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS, HE PERSUASSED HIS NURSE TO CONTACT BESS IN NEW YORK, TWO DAYS LATER--

HERE'S THE GUN, HONEY, AND I'LL MAKE IT! CHARLIE'S DOWNSTAIRS WITH A CAR. YOU SURE YOU CAN MAKE IT?



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

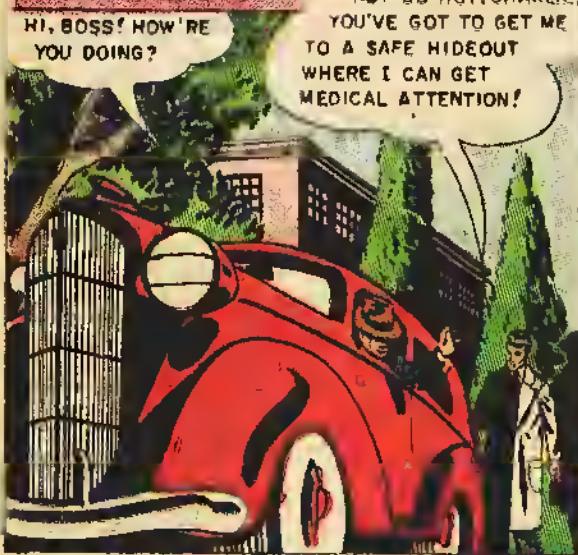
START PEELING THOSE CLOTHES OFF, DOC! YOU TOO, NURSE! I'LL WEAR THE DOC'S UNIFORM, BESS, AND YOU'LL WEAR THE NURSE'S! NO ONE'LL STOP US!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

HI, BOSS! HOW'RE YOU DOING?

NOT SO HOT, CHARLIE. YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME TO A SAFE HIDEOUT WHERE I CAN GET MEDICAL ATTENTION!



WE'RE TAKING YOU TO DOC SPICKERMAN IN MUNCIE, INDIANA! HE'LL HIDE YOU OUT IN HIS PLACE UNTIL YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO MOVE!

WELL, LET'S GET ROLLING!



THEY ARRIVED IN MUNCIE WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND SEVEN WEEKS LATER, AFTER CHAPMAN HAD FULLY RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS...

BOSS, WE NEED DUGH. ALL OUR LOOT WENT TO DEFEND YOU AND DUTCH DURING THE TRIAL!

YES, YOU'LL HAVE TO PULL A JOB.



DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT A WHOLE PROGRAM LAID OUT! GERALD CHAPMAN ISN'T THROUGH! NOT BY A LONG SHOT! IN FACT, YOU MIGHT SAY CHAPMAN'S CAREER IS JUST STARTING!



CHAPMAN WAS FREE FOR FOUR YEARS! HE TUNNELED DUTCH ANDERSON FROM ATLANTA, AND LIKE AN ELUSIVE SHADOW RAMPAGED ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO ROB AND SLAY! THE MURDER OF A POLICEMAN IN CONNECTICUT FINALLY ENDED HIS CAREER! ON APRIL 5, 1926, CHAPMAN WAS HANGED!



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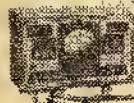
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A.H.—Kans.—Atlas Cup Winner.



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"Have put 3½" on chest (normal) 2½" expanded." —F.S., N.Y.



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unfit?
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body
abdominal
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